

L'aventure des Voyageurs du Mononoke (Lion des Montagnes Nocturne)

By Eustace Spivey

Friend adventure (fan-fic 🤪)

2020年8月6 pink poncho credited

It was a cotton candy sky kind of morning. I turned over to check the calendar and saw it was Thursday Día. What wild dreams I had last night... or were they hallucinations? My insomnia has not gotten better since I've been a five-nights-closer. But besides that fact, I was up and ready to go! Some may call me a fool for jumping into action, but I'm off on an adventure!

As I grabbed my tiger-stripped bag and kissed my madre before running out the door, “¡Ten mucha cuidado!” she warned me.

“Aye, capitan,” I replied. It was through the red woods I passed once more, jogging with my arms out near the beginning of my trek. Soon, I began walking before I met the city of Teston. I remembered one when I was 14, free in the city to enjoy my time. I was a fool then, as I am now. At least back then, my mind was not as ravaged and dis-sin-aggrated as it is now. My wise teacher, who surprisingly was only a few years older than me, yet has seen so much of this world (and the underworld), told me the awful illusion of glorifying getting fucked up. I agree, to know the void of the painful, this elusive WRLD of hate. But I do like dancing with the lessons I already learned; Dua Lipa taught me that. For our extraterrestrial nature, this vision can not compare to that of the divine feminine plan.

Maybe now I am not as much a fool, yet truly in the eyes of beauty. I walked away from my safe space, towards the crawling land of all these people. Here, it was where I would begin my adventure after a time at the Parti des travailleurs.

You already know my best friend in reality, Elizabeth Collins, yet there is one who I (we mutually) consider to be *work-besties*. This is real. Her name is Kylee Serrurier, the person whom I see as being my twin. The one who, in my mind, has every interest, vocal-point, hate for the despicable, and worker-motivation for this sick life.

I walked into the Hotel and gave Ant a nod as he passed in his beret and the large cart of many guests' luggage. Rich, I could tell by the Louis Vuitton violet bag and Audemars Piguet cases that should not be in the open. Out of my mind, holy shii the value!! I zoomed towards the counter to clock in, and I saw her. She, by stereotype, was compared to Wednesday Addams; *Heheh, they stereotyping cause they know she has the arsenal of justine rifles to blow any modafucka outta their shoes, said Pattern F4t4re*. I jumped at the sight. I said, "What's up, twin'em." As she looked towards me. Twin'em is a word we created during the long hours of the workers' party that truly has a deep meaning to me.

Twin'em, twin'em. (noun) "Twin" being of our Germanic-Gaulic origins, as the Germans say, "gleichgesinnt." Em, of the Om nama Brahman Devi, the universal Divinum Femininum. Em, to the one who began my great journey amidst this dark nation and the one who never, ever abandoned me.

"Hi, girlie-pop!!" She said with excitement, and she looked at her phone once more. I clocked in for the long day at work, or so I thought it was, so dreadful to be an actually fun adventure! "I'm off at 9, y'know."

"For what do you have a flight to catch?" Stacey asked.

"Heh," Ant chuckled from across the way, "to Paris maybe," he said in his depressed, heavy French accent.

"Anyway, that's life."

"C'est la vie."

The work day was mighty, with those of millions of USD showing up to our Revolving door with their packages of hopes and dreams of nearby Sin City. Outside, a few hours later, I saw Antoine taking a smoke break from his cigarette as he stared into his phone. Kylee began to walk that way as well to go on a smoke break to hit her vape. I could not take nicotine in the ways of electricity, which was not of the natural, native teachings.

"You on break?" I asked from across the hotel. The echo screamed and bounced through the sharp angles of the velvet building.

"No, but I can be." She giggled.

She continued to walk out. The manager at the time was annoyed at the exits being constantly taken, not just due to the daily stress. Even tokens of the adventures sometimes brought back were not so liked, as I guess thought was only put into it and not the secret line of co-workers and friendship.

I joined Kylee outside as Ant smeared and walked back into the Hotel. “Je suis toujours à court de temps.” He murmured. It was outside, we looked to the sky and questioned life many times. I joined her for snacks sometimes, too, from the bar. Currently, I have a snack of the dietary chicken-flavoured buffalo peppers.

I took another bite before turning to see her immersed and out-of-mind, for what we all desire to be gone. “You know I love these moments.” She said lightly before hitting her vape again. Yet the burning sense of hating reality, I also knew. I looked down at her scarred arms, knowing her pain... truly! I also had scars from this life. The time away from Judith mis madre drove me insane once; however, I took care of my body to heal as if nothing happened. Yet light streaks exist, my skin is still youthful and clean. The same can not be said for Ash, nor Eustace.

“I enjoy Wonderland better,” I said, grabbing her attention.

“Je comprends mal,” she said,

“Nada, only that I wish I had some weed right now.”

“Well, if you want wonderland...” She said, turning her shoulder to take the zipper of her backpack. She grabbed a small rock from her back, a small stone as small as the thumbnail on my right hand, it was a teal colour. I looked up in awe and suspense, knowing that she also knew the secret gifted to me by Diamond.

“Do you know of that land?” I asked aggressively, excited.

“What land?”

“The fan-” Suddenly, I remembered what Charity had warned me of, “what does that stone do?”

“Well, see the black pants we both share.”

“Si.”

“If I code it right in my mind, I hold it.” She held the stone to her thigh and grabbed my hand with her left. With a swift flash of my being, I was transformed in a way I could not understand. With the speed of the height towards matter and the precision of insomnia, my awaking feeling of time was fucked by the metamorphosis that was my body. I felt my skin become fur, which was black fur among my essence, in trying to comprehend this moment. Before I knew it, the two of us were smaller than I remember and She totally looked different. We were... Cats? Black cats of the night, yet in the hot and dry Nevada weather, suffered under the heat. Her eyes were the same beautiful greyish blue that reminded me of the Norwegian skies and echoed the colour my

father had worn to his mother's funeral. The sadness loomed with her wherever she went, from her struggling childhood to the now evil future or dark present we faced as fellow travelling Compatibilite du Travailleux.

We soon went down the sidewalk, as I felt eerily different. This was the special power that she revealed to me. We passed the Gulf of India, where I stopped and smelled the Roses by their mailbox as we went further down the chalked-up avenue. It was past the pharmacy that we stopped for traffic on the interstate highway.

We basically J-walked and passed the opposing side of McDonald's before Nostri walked through the parking lot of a gas station with a giant Triangle called "60 Penny." The triangles resemble that of a Marabonol pack of cigarillos, the nastiest substance in the universe, to which I condone the absolute banishment from thy temple, reader. The sins of fathers prove to be unWilling to the grain of Tobacco rolled up with Ink and Termites. I bopped my head as I heard them playing a reminiscent track of 1980s sounding synthetic music; for my Felis ears could pick up so well it was out of context because of my non-English attitude. Was it Taylor Swift?? Or perhaps Dance in the Dark by Lady Gaga. I stepped through the puddle of water from the recently past clouds that had rained earlier, but seemingly at this low rate, the puddle looked to be a lake. *It was a 60-penny lake.* I knew of that gas station from passing it from time to time on my way to Escuela in my youthful years. I did enjoy stopping in to grab a monster or a small chocolate snack; however, it was home to not-so-nice spirits as well. It was where my friend had bought me some fucked up pre-rolls that had additives that gave Stacey such a headache, a Near to Mr. Rager, one she dares not tamper with outside of reality.

"I absolutely hate Taylor Swift," Kylee said, breaking the train of thought that was on board to misery among the ideals of drugs from that store. It was also worn Kylee had bought some of the vapes since they were people who sold them to minors. Bastards! Nonetheless, it was never a bad experience for her, and she carried on with me, *pitter-pattering* across the asphalt town.

It was interesting to see humans walking around, not knowing of the mind that was within the Felis Catus body. I turned my head to see a mysterious brown man and blue flashing lights. Kylee was nervous about the animal control that had been called on in this same area recently, especially for Rats. However, we made it across the street in a form of J-walking to the Burger King parking lot where the bank sat, setting the time as 7:44 p.m.

“You know I don’t hate you, Kylee, even though hatred is fun,” I said devilishly. For I have come to terms with that which is the burning passion to hurt others in my mind, yet I seem to be won over by the passion of the *Feminum Divinium*.

“Jamais, près de”, Kylee exclama. My name in French is *Près de Marin Surrurier*. For I took Kylee’s name of “LockSmith” because of how I felt we connected in spirit, and she reminded me so much of *mis madre*. It seemed like she was the representation at my work as I was apart from her. For I also suspect that one of my teachers was behind her appropriation in my life; She is the *Serrurier* to find that which is my true intent. She is my twin, my best friend who is with me to help me toward my *dharm nuovo*, which my new religion drove me towards *Near \$in City*.

“I am a disease,” I said, crying.

“But aren’t we all?” Kylee said, “There are no more tears to cry. On this Earth, the only path through which water should flow is the Amazon or Congo.” Such wise words sprang from a young Kylee, I thought, to the eight extra lives that maybe added to her knowledge and skill may have been a study of the phenomenon they called 9 lives given to a leo.

“I’m a Scorpio.” She reminded me. I rolled my eyes and continued to the dumpster area.

“You are not actually thinking of diving?” She stated, holding her stance while glancing at the spatial doorhandle that was to the building.

“No.” I led on, slowly creeping centimetres still towards that which smelled like older burger patties. Yet a waste to my German heritage of those around, I saw Beelzebub flying around the lid over there. Gluttony was strong within that aspect of desiring food. But what is the desire; what strange O desire brings like breezes of the Summer winds. Tell me, art who rose against the seas to bring me low to the top. “Put that in reverse.” -Kendrick. As the circle spiralled from duck to the Evil Russieu, the line of flow towards capitalistic gain, and what? Yet nice wrath along the Seashore. V. Among my best friends here?

雞. Ji, the foulest comment upon QBB. With the burst of feathers which flew in the air as a chicken came running around the corner of the area, I hopped back towards Kylee, and we sprang against the current of the headless, mindless beast that was orange and coming to attack us. It was a rooster from the nearby pen, and he smelled like shit. “I got catshit.” -F4t4re.

The sky seemed to turn a shade of red against all odds as the enemy slowed its pace, yet flapped its wings in assertion of dominance over the situation. I felt the claws in my toe beans attract blood-thirsty intent against pollution. I saw the absolute cracked insanity within the tiny pupils of the Ji, the cock. I saw Kylee against me, also biting for a fight. 鸟的鸡. The yang of the hour, crisp as the onion soup's edge, Near Horizon yet gained from the ship wreck of la Brasil. For shame, your distasteful drinks among modern lettuce nature.

切罗基, A\$, the markings of a young scavenger trying to scrap the edges of a lost dream in the cold winds of one night, to demolish, Ye, the nature of my seemingly trying Hartship. The town echoes with the black abyssal grito. He crowed, but I did not understand the dialect or language of this creature as I did with Kylee. "Step 'em," Ella dice con mal.

"Fuck you!" I did understand the bitterness from the cock's beak, and it stared directly at me.

Suddenly, the back door swung open, and an elderly lady with a broomstick came out shooing away the chicken. The cock-sucker seemed less intrigued to fight a 4 times-sized angry grandmother with her escoba y fuerza para luchar contra cualquier rival.

"Back away, angry cock!" she screamed, to which it seemed to echo through town. The chicken, as it had entered, ran away as if its head had been cut off back to its lair. The lady then turned to see us sitting patiently. I wagged my tail once to the right. Kylee tilted her head. The lady rolled her eyes and went back inside.

"Huh, that usually works," Kylee said, as she began to walk towards the bank once more. Suddenly, the door opened, yet with no face came soaring out a box of chicken fries that landed on the ground. From the window, I saw the young man with a mustache at the register, and the door slammed shut again. We both ran over and began munching on the "divinely" given snack.

"Sweet 'n sour attack!" I said.

It was only a few short paces past the bank and up a hill where we met the pine trees of the nearby Market that Kylee had wanted to go to. It had been 8 miles since the Hotel and I grew worried about time. The counting in my head

seemed off as I presumed the trek with her. Finally, our toe beans rested on the fence of the Market. It was our destination, for some reason, her intent.

To which I had totally forgotten about Kylee's near housing in the projects, we sat looking at the now dim sky as another day had come and gone by the Great Sun's path of Ra's guidance, and we sat peacefully for the time being. Kylee started again as she had when she had hit her vape earlier. It was a strange complexion of the nicotine habit I did not understand. For my mind opened up to Mary, but not the harsh morphing of the modern addiction that separated Kylee and me from being equal souls.

"What are you thinking?" I asked.

"Of going home," she replied.

"Always?"

"Well, there's nothing better to do while the gang isn't here." She was referring to her other friends who were still in school with her. Senior year for her was seemingly the shine that was the bridge between the amazing summer and this dark nation. "Let's go," she said. We began sputtering once more through the trees and stopping the dead leaves from the fallen Autumn.

We made it to the bearings, which couldn't be worse than the dumpster. We continued along the path of the rocky creek area. Now many miles out from the Hotel. It was here that Kylee looked directly into my soul, and we were human again.

"I wanted to finally introduce you to someone."

"Qui?"

It was the darkness of the hollow tunnel into the forsaken and unsanitary Earth that brought forth the lurking eyes, who, close to whom I saw across the valley of Fantasy, yet not so grim. It was a sombre red that was not completely one colour, yet translucent to light itself and was a beige that sank into the pale skin that was visible even in darkness.

"I have been hidden." A gravelly voice echoed towards me.

To fall and be Lucifer... Впасти і бути Люцифером... После водки и страха. It was here, among the stones of the riverbank, where despair had once sunk the dreams of a stargazer, Plummet. The death is constant in half, Cancer, seeming of this route is the ultimate bombastic slap. Thirst, di the Poison of Russia, onde está a Íris Negra da Alma, no fim da quarta-feira, o dia se desdobra do vazio. Sede. Mi amor, por Amazon.

Who? Who do you think you are bringing around such foolish comments, and as a matter of fact! The story is untitled, unclean. It has the lost bearings of one's soul, the broken artist who writes it. The death of a slice from the King is motionless. Arising, aspiring, timing,

Yet to be Timeless. You have the thoughts of a ring, to corrupt a Man's heart with a gift. Unfold, the eyes of Charlotte, the ghost of my Road, to realize.

The true despair among Half The River. You walk it, the Love for The Rabbit is too wonderful!!! We aspire from one great island, the Under River Basin, to collect dues. Huzzah, you finally realize the definition. 写真なしでドライブ.

The Sailors hoisted the ship, as to the origin of the Matter, by Light. Shining, passed graduation of the 4, marked whom Iz Late?? It was many shouts alike before the sun of the working day even sparked the waves of the Ocean, Tides Far too out. Close by the dock, one young goddess: l' Déesse, Rite, faoi ghlas, de chuid ár gcomharsa Sān Áise. Lit a cigarette, trying to imagine the life beyond this Port. One faded, lost memory of Her Maristone.

It was in the crevices of Dawn, where the Ocean had spoken of Void, and to purge the sky of stars. Yet amidst the lonely memory of True rocket-beings, the morning Drag per the perfect number of The Rabbitt, nameless... Brodi bub. The buffalo looked right into the Soul. The red eye was not the judgment of Lack, and no greatness came back. "Huzzah" was the last chant she heard before 1500 arrows fell from the Skies. Darkness fell across the land. No | More. The disco was over.

Kylee led Stacey among the riverbank as they found the Bearings, a home desolate even to Spiders, whom webbed above where The Tree grew... Nadie ha sido recompensado en la habitación del hotel, Broome, por absoluta bondad. El reinado debe detenerse. La lluvia debe llover. Ninguém é reembolsado, o quarto de hotel, Broome, por bondade absoluta. O reinado deve ser interrompido. A chuva deve cair. Ubi Iris Nigra Animae est, finis Mercurii, dies ex inanibus explicatur. Sitis. And subtly, the wind faded the lines between the sails. Heeze. Hoisted, Huzzah!! 1500, before the common era...

The Black soul of the night, fourfold dropped off, had glimmered in the distance. Kylee stopped and planted Toe Beans at the edge of where the river of sew was following.

We crept down the stones on the river towards the edge where the waterfall threw entire bodies off a cliff. It was dangerous, I admit, the near valleys hidden within this desert America. “The bearings and the visits from a divine drifter vampire.”

“A wha.A.??” I shouted at the absurd words she had mentioned. I was also tingled at fear for the magic of the Felis transformation and the Chicken coup. But this was another changing experience. Of this, be my *new adventure*? To meet a vampire... Nope.

We crept to the edge of the circle where the grass and concrete met a symmetrical hole in the air to where shit would flow, and rats would live. But from this disgust was the charm, the Diamond wrapped 4 times over with the golden plated rings on it, smothered in Oils afterwards (or lotions), his Notions of the red lurking vines, you must twist the leaves of the Brandy tree to fully create a spell amidst a cold winter day or when the Sun does not shine upon the Earth. It was to the creeping of the dark forest near that we clung to the cold, still air.

To a cold-hearted river did I follow up, the longest of the blazes within summer grass blew. Wind apparent. Kylee turned to me with nails of steel, I ready to gouge shit out of me; “Don’t tell a single soul of my powers...” I was confronted by the meanness of the still moment, the power she willed. She was truly within herself, afraid, as I am still to this day. This was a frozen note of hatred, but a sign to recall ourselves. We are indeed thouest twin’ems, thee sparpest, kindest to each other. We are a [blood, sweat, and tears] bondage neareth the sailing passes, C'est ainsi la vie, au-delà des histoires racontées, les cruels sont piétinés par les pieds des rois pirates focus et maléfiques, les squelettes fondus from bones to touch, as you recollect this; You are not your image of graven despair, for Look Up upon thoust new retreat.

I patiently waited in the hollow, fear abounded, and we both stood agape at each other's eyes. As I am, too, important beyond the door of the ticking time, the one that spirals constantly past the curfew of when grandfather said go to sleep and nightmares creep in... Oh, yes, deadly nightmares of days gone bye, Rest in PeaceChi-town, from the Planes get me higher. So high. O, yes. The fear burden from strength collided with the air, silk of the warm atmosphere intense; she looked with her grey, blue eyes of the winter cold air: so serious to the Bone. Or I was at mercy;

“Hei! Of course, nobody shall hear my words. We are to stick to the night after all!” I said sharply, as well as taking a breath. From which the dragon

repealed, my breath of sinful intake and marijuana laced tongue, the foul of the afternoon that would get either of us monsters killed in the afternoon stroll amidst these Roman freakers. Their smiles are what taught everything in existence. My town is safe, however. Ave to the Wall.

We continued walking, now transformed. It was a range, a map of this town we so sneakily guided past so fast. After the chicken incident, my morals are crippled, and I need refreshment: needless to say, my anger was still withheld. I was not in a laughing mood; we were locked into the task, and I was about to meet someone I did not know of importance beyond thy grave.

At the height, the neon blasted before the solemn stars that sat above the town cheaply. We (twin'em and I) were closest to Paradise City, drawn up from the bearings of the bay closest to the River. Swiftness is funny when you are amidst the hearing of the mountains, from far, thy home. I sit with Andre pondering life, yet here in the range beyond the mountains I knew from escuela; I sit from the bay, agaze, to the airport flying ports. Planes, high, reminds me of Atlanta and the ranger who stooped as low as the ground to sense the prey, the fearful, the one in the attic ablaze by achievement for What have Ye achieved not in thou, the brother of blood mixed, thouest is not in pain, Nor in blaze; Nor in the shape to enter Heaven nor Hell. The pain was deepest in the hunters... from the outside standings of these hotels, bars, coffee shops, etc. The wild ones who stand and stop at nothing from holding onto a gun and fucking on your bitch. They are ruthless at night.

Gang sings were not thrown up; however, Kylee motioned a two in the air for us to freeze. The air became timid. It was her sense, beyond ours, we share from the line of our Hunter's bites, for our blood's infused nearest the factor of Command: the ghost disappeared with despair. Kylee held out the ray of injustice she possessed to clear the way of negative ions, neither to say the Evil mothaphukas who were abound the air and désiré thouest vilest intent. No! I stand my ground against them, hoisting our sails.

We laughed as to continue forward so suddenly; Who thinks in their right mind (fuck off, for it is Left-hand darkness), tainted by the benefaction of Love, we humans are impatient. Goodman it. Insert here: We Do Not muthaphukin Trust You, I personally do not. This is because my heart would be tainted by everyone else's heartlessness if I did not put myself on the line. My life is worth so much more.

Now in the depths of A.A... father time had seized, and the moments now relied on the ticking time bomb mind of mine. This space of emptiness,

apart from the lack of my skills, I counted the steps we took, the leaves of trees, and the stones on the ground. This time would not be wasted on the rule of counting. This helps relieve the stress of having constant stuckness within this trapped idea of trauma. The numbers progressed the sentiments for a new appropriation. Beyond the grave mistakes of others, beyond that yellow sign, was there the pit of relief Within Greed be it money or any other *I-spy* game. Countless, an altar was put up for the boastful Mammōn for the well-being of 7 young souls.

Furthermore, this time I kept counting and realized how late it was getting, how much time had passed since we'd left the hotel. It didn't matter about the pay card and the boss's temper, yet Kylee carried on as we raced towards a new friend I'd meet.

After the quitting of the Great *Sān Dane*, across the way, from the other building that was open 24 hours, the yellow brick road led partnership towards the place of Arabica beans and donuts. The arc of appraisal, yet just a charitable and nice deal, was also the combatant who was so cool at doing the real getting this shit done. From many days of looking out the dead window to the cows who chased the rays in the skies to the hill that was just over reachable, the line of the skyline from which touched the mountains of endless green stacked upon small brick houses at the top, who would have such a view? This skyline was the palace for some, but at the very least, a holding point from which was travelled far, the boundary by which heritage migrated.

This Great *Sān* was the partner of an even more astonishing young man, crept from the shadows, did we two into the spot where, from down the longest river, a constant stream of wheels, drops of water going towards the Atlanta (ATL oceani). I stood up now with Kylee as we approached the walls of orange glass that approached the final steps of this adventure before shooting back to the hotel.

From the sparkles and glimmer, was it the blissful taste of yummy Waffle House special sauce, or the even more attained from the sugar of the donuts, the face, be it a young partaker, or even a greater disciple of Mr. MAYAGI? He was epic, He was strong, to be it the one farthest from that which everyone else (in their own right was distastefully wrong and uninhabited by Man's kindness) did Him shine greatly, a best friend, too, a Diamond in this rough world, a Diamond within my heart, a Diamond so great to the day; Ra.

Dane waved gracefully and was very proud this day, 'tis fair shame I had for being imperfect, Yet not truest the same, yknow. Breaking off the two coins,

I shouted from afar and waved back. Kylee nudged me with her elbow and told me to keep a cool profile.

We walked in with the sitting brew of bean-flavoured afternoon, my taste being Tea, but who am I among this room of sailors?? I stood up, we tapped the shoes of dance, a dead dance, and were presented nicely to the counter. Behind us followed Young Li, the Diamond, who held the door for us as well, a splendid gentleman.

It was the glass case, the reflection I saw was also me, that's who. In an effort, from countless appreciated moments of getting a nice brew for the daily workday, I stepped on the scene again, not in hopes for such free gratitude that was appraised by the far lurking. Too, shimmer, we stood scrambled as if to order, but truly here to hang out. Anxiety lurked by Time, yet WHO IS COUNTING?? I began.

"I would like one Carmel Macciato," I said, in a British accent, and I was slapped again. Dane looked at us, more gracefully with sparkles and eternal deepened... without words due to Love at the Diamond amongst us, but remained calm within the Art of the Deal.

"Ofc!" Dane smiled, looking over at Kylee. She quietly shook her head as none was taken for the day, only the chill of the day.

"I have money, too- yeah, oh, nah?" Dane brushed it aside and immediately whipped up a storm in the creation of such tasty drinks. Beyond that of giving me a compliment from where the Cameras did not see, the non-horse ran across the street, clicking instantly, the one afar. In slow motion, the travel did seem a bit over, over in time, over in witness, over in transgression, as I worried how we could get back to the hotel.

I gave cheers to Ye mate, the greatness shone, a happy moment as the three of Us sat by the heated lounge chairs by the outside window. I sipped this wonderful Macciato as The Two did talk, chatticus, the best of times were now. Mr. Li did join us for a moment, too. Kylee scrolled on her phone mainly (taking a trip to the restroom once to hit the Vape'a), but besides pointing, the música was nice, playing Lo Fi.

"Are you enjoying the hotel business, Stacey?" Li asked me.

"I am!" I braced, speaking with Great fascination at compari'san, too. Too, he brushed the appraisal aside, yet kept two guns by his side.

"Excellent to be here, Young One."

I giggled. Time ticked before my ice had filled the cup. Kylee looked at me, with a certain timing, having a watch I never noticed on her side. "We need

to get back; now is the time.” It was the wha-hoo of the afternoon, a nice getaway. But, with endless was end (chaos and order). Kylee pinched me to also grasp the amulet within her jacket, and we were transported. From shadows, from Lite? I saw the faded blow of distortion in reality, the presence of a shifting aspect. From the starry distance did two white figures wave, the two Sans, the time was over.

The velvet stage and walls returned to present as we were outside the building again. I looked across the way to see the clock tower, unfazed by only 41 minutes. Ticking backwards even. I have no idea, but I turned to see Kylee, and I am now even more presentable in our Hotel attire. I was in disbelief, but also not because of the other experience I had also had with my crystal. I stood up, nodded in appreciation. I had met a Wise and daring friend, who was really the dare in such Kind, smart, aptitude, presentful, graceful, smooth of Terrific taste, Highest of the High (be it within Power). I was moved, moved by heart. Diamond within my Heart and most certainly to the Great *San*.

Kylee looked up at the tallness of the towers as we were to enter, the dead dance of capitalism once more from this break. A Long Walk turned into a summon adventure, a cool evening, and a Lo-Fi vibed spot. I was happy, but as we once more entered the House to see Anton scraping his head with anxiety.

“J'ai besoin d'une putain de cigarette!” his hellbound eyes looked at us, flashes of bloodshot red came to us.

“Only since we left?” Kylee asked.

“How many guests have we had?” I also asked.

He threw a handkerchief at me and ran out the door as we clocked back in. “Shit,” Kylee said about the negative air of negative he left behind. From the past to the present, I was happy to be her friend. From the days of beating the slaves, the taxed people, the Nails... She was a test of time and kind.

After my small adventure, after walking so long, those moments of standing by as there was a tall Italiano who was dangerous to our operation of fun, Beto Kele Kaka Kaka Kidz. Mvindu kumi na zole.

My Band

From the arena: Sous les lumières scintillantes et extravagantes, quel spectacle ! Quel spectacle! L'arène fait ses adieux dans une ambiance de liesse et de lueurs déclinantes, adieu les fans... Or the stage: bright blue, green, yellow, red. Lights flashed so brightono the stage of these great minds at work to flow the beauty of what bonded everyone today at this stage. The

flow, unlike the calm forward wind, was translucent, bendable, almost like smoke from a flame with vibrations! Soon, carrying the sunrise to an early treat, the man at the Mic sang with perfect illusions beyond the key's mastering. He held it, gripping the almighty speaker to shine his best.

The tour bus sped down the road after another fine day's gig at the hot ass fuck stage in the middle of *who-knows-where* America, the dry sun scorched the fresh taste of some rocks with some gin. The champagne popped, and the first clink of glasses gave fresh laughter to those who enjoyed such a small refreshment after the soul of strumming and thrashing of drums.

"Here's to us, baby!" Said the sometimes strummer, sometimes singer star of the band of eagles, the Sky himself. His toast to the bright future of new arenas and stages to present these already 4 albums, placed with beautiful tracks such as "Take My Heart Away" and "Beginning... with the Knife and Dice." With his excitement pouring out of his eardrums, his sunglasses timid to the dry weather but red from stained glass, his rainbow-esc energy could Not Be Held Down.

Then there came the main man, the Leader and founder: Trev. The one who started this all started with *a founding father, if you will*. Blessed by the many workings, the countless hours at the bank, he crunched the numbers and flipped through the bills. It was exciting to always hear what his legendary words bestowed: "I love a good showday!" As timid as the strums had been, the 4 vinyl records that were nailed behind him were all shining in the eagle sunshine. "I can not live without y'all!" He said, with a voice-crack and tear, which both ran down his face, and a sweat of the glass he held up with vodka.

Amidst this wise carrying, the tour bus manager and mainly paid driver, a gentleman folk from down near Arkansas or Louisiana, His bright face held behind the wheel and sunglasses reminiscent of Ray Charles' grand smile... but he could see, or we'd all be roadkill. His soul was so gentle and so heaving, it took too much to upset him and push him steadily over the limit. He too honked the horn out of toasting.

Beyond these three, three other members sat solemnly. They, like the Jack (the name of the bus driver, And The One Carrying This Trip "Down The River"), did not share a glass. Aflow! This was a mess to relieve two "young sinners." From the ever-passing yellow tape of the center, the other three had quiet thoughts, yet still jazzed by show adrenaline.

The boy, now a man, sat with his glasses touching the window, The Sun shining and casting lightning from *His* eyes. The curls of his bestowed locks

glided and buffeted up and down to the rocks that the tires ran over. In his precious mind, the sparks and casting of electricity buzzed by the music still bursting his ears, the chill of the cool AC of the bus, and the dream of soon getting home to his beloved companion.

The other two gleichgesinnt girls, also now Women, sat solemn, still with their legs to their bosom. By the spark of the road, trade forward in this heatstroke, One was a dreamer and partner to Trev. The other is a famous pop star, belonging to herself and no one else. She was the best of the howling moon, to the alpha who toasted adieu first. By the preservation and hate she felt inside, it was no match for this warm atmosphere, belonging to the great energy kept by that Sunrise Show. Her smile was everything to lighten up a room. This was a goal set every day by each member to strive for.